

Burn This Book

To keep warm

There is something surreal
A distinct peace
In listening to the silence
Of snow accumulating

As the weather
Reaches freezing
The beasts and the thieves
Take to their dwellings
Resting comfortably
In their excessive
Eating and stashes
Of stolen nuts gathered
By the lesser chipmunks

The rest of us are left
To fend for ourselves

I sit indoors
Next to the fire
Keeping warm during this
Increasingly cold season

Sipping on a cup of coffee
Direct trade, of course
Staring out the window
Watching the snow levels rapidly grow

The weather is beautiful
But I can't help to think
About something else accumulating
Outside of these walls

Something much more dangerous
Something colder than the freezing temperature
Something that literally chills me to the bone

I shake off the shivers
Grab the blanket
A dear friend knitted
A few years back
Wrapping myself in my
Woolen Lover's embrace

A comforter crafted with care
A reminder of pleasant
Interactions intertwined with
Mutual aid, shared respect,
And open conversation

A necessity when fighting
Numbness from settling in
As the world around me flirts
With the Neanderthals
Ushering in a new ice age

Over here,
Watching the rise of Fascism
Like whoa....

The storm is raging
Wet and heavy
Threatening in terms
Of inciting an avalanche

When the weight is unstable
Any move, faulty or not
Can create a deadly rift
And shift the dynamics
Of the delicate tranquility

If gravity takes hold
Of the misplaced anger
Everything in the way
Is likely to feel the wrath
Of the destructive wave

It all makes me nervous
Watching the group
Of misinformed,
Short-sighted, and careless
Adventurers stomping around
On a pact that is likely to give out
Sending them off of a cliff
Catching us all in the wake
Of their suicidal arrogance

They keep pressing
Their luck as the storms
Become warmer and their
Overconfidence will get
The best of them
Once the cold rains
Blow in and freeze
During the winter nights

Without the slightest respect
For anyone, they trample
The slopes around cherished
Sites and mindlessly run
On icy cliffs, while those in
The area feel like they too
Could be at risk from the
Foolishness of self-interests

They'll learn the hard way
If need be, it only takes one
To face dire consequences
As the rest are left to hang
In their shame of failure

Cowardly fascists
Demanding the right
To open carry
Fully automatics
While charging the poor
Black kids
With their own deaths
At the hands of some
Assholes with badges
Claiming the only option
They had was to light up
A pre-teen
Playing with a BB Gun
Quick enough that the kid
Hadn't the chance to
Drop his 'weapon.'

In a second's time
A grown man trained
To take control claimed
He was 'scared for his life'
The timeless cop-out
Used to excuse their actions
And weasel away from the least
Justice of an indictment
For the heinous crimes
They repeatedly commit

So piggish they might try
To sue the grieving family
For their own 'emotional distress'
Claiming that it was your fault that they
Made the decision to pump your kid full of lead

WM demands his way and complains when BM speaks against WM aggressions and lack of respect; meanwhile, WM literally shits on RM sacred burial grounds and completely destroys AM home

WM shows no shame or guilt

WM knows no shame or guilt

Who are we
But some nasty
Misinformed
Careless
Ignorant
Fools
Disgracing
Sacred Land
Sacred Life
Claiming our rights
Through our history
Of gross oppression
Genocides
Acting as if our ill-gotten
Privilege doesn't exist

Who are we
But purposefully
Arrogant
Selfish
Violent
Pigs
Consuming
Natural resources
Human energy
Claiming the progress
Of hoarded capital
Is worth more than
Conservation
And outweighs
A clear conscience

These aren't cruise liners
And we aren't tourists
These are battleships
Dangerous, armed with
A severe superiority complex

We didn't come to coexist
We came to increase profit
Margin and marginalize you
Once we've pushed you
Off of your land, and have
Placed you on the market
To be bought and sold
By our abusive friends
Who find excitement in
Exploiting your time
And your talents
While stripping you
Of your religion

We won't leave you alone
Until you see the need to bow
Down to the power
Of our so-called 'civilized' ways
Resistance is appreciated
It makes the use of force
Become seen as justified
By those on our side
Who are itching to own
Your mind, your body, your soul
The food, the water, the land
Your right to exist on this planet

It's a new year
Time for a new world

“A world where all worlds fit”

- Zapatista National Liberation Army (EZLN)

Step by step
We will lead
Ourselves forward
Onto the next
Season's campfire
Grab your blanket
For the paths are
Long and rugged
And the sky is
Showing signs of
Plenty more storms
On the horizon

When the air is cold
Let it snow
Let it accumulate
Let it build tall berms
Easily removed

Let it warm up
If it's going to rain
I could do without
The icy paths
Making it hard
For movement to gain
The needed traction
And the jagged snow sharp
Enough to cut oneself on

We are all awaiting
The run off of new life
We just can't lose our footing
Injuring ourselves in
The El Niño process

We've made it through
The accumulation
A few got caught
In an avalanche
The slopes were top heavy
And bound to give in
Under constant pressure

We've gone through the
Icy thaw, slipping
Sliding, but somehow
Maintaining balance

We've seen storms
Bury us in mounds of
Snow, grief, and debt.
We've trudged through
Water-logged lands where
Homes and heads used to rest

We fell a time or two
We were meant to
The important thing is
Those cuts and bruises
Can heal if they receive
The proper attention

Spring has sprung
Lively in its glory
And once a week
We get a new layer
To try our progress
In adaptation

Today the snow is
Puking in pellets

Looking at the first
Tulip leaf, thinking
I feel like she looks
Rough around the edges
Tired to say the least

Weathered from the battle
To soak in sunlight while
Our insides speak of
Growth and health if
We choose to carry on

We could throw up our hands
Wither in the new accumulation
Or we can press forward
Determined to show our beauty
Spreading our seeds
Throughout the season

My dearest flowers
Anticipated is your reign
When your radiance
Blooms and shines in unison

We've gotten some
Needed refreshment
From the precipitation
But not nearly enough

The basins look nice
But the reservoirs
Are tragically short of
Where they need to be
To sustain over time

The drought is real,
The land and living
Are all parched
And rising levels of
Salt water is not going
To help in the slightest

It's entirely too early
For the rushing rivers
To recede, too early
For the melt to seep
Back into its bed
Stagnant until all of
The potential to bring
Life evaporates, leaving
Nothing but barren
Memories of its once
Wonderful potential

We need something
To continue watering
Our diverse surroundings
A monsoon season
To the point of flooding
Washing away the faltering
Structures, so we can build anew
From the bottom up

It has been left
Up to us to be
The storm lingering
On the horizon

It has been left
Up to us to be
The 'massive El Niño'
Attempting to reverse
Desertification and
Counteract the spams
Caused by deliberate
Dehydration, refreshing
The spirit of the land
With positive affirmations

It is we who are
The American Spring
That was supposed to be
Brewing with intent
To revitalize everything

And we, my dearest flowers
Will create a beautiful landscape
With our varying petals
Coming together to compose
Fields of understandings
Vast like our imaginations

Be a lasting inspiration
For lovers to run
As fast as they can
To meet halfway
Passionately embracing each other
As they continue to wander
Far from the dusty trails
And incendiary conditions
Of yesteryear's tinderbox

And we, my dearest flowers
Will sing like the birds
Giving songs to the silence
Letting our voices be heard
By all who choose to listen
To their surroundings
Rather than surrounding
Themselves in the noise
Of boisterous talking heads

Sing to me
Chickadees
Let me hear
The beauty
Of your voice

Remind me
What it means
To chirp in
Peaceful tones
What it means
To see the
Big picture

My dearest
Little birds
Soothe these nerves
And coax out
The sun to
Defrost these
Frigid days.

Sing to me
Chickadees

Teach me the
Power in
Being self
Sufficient

Teach me that
The world is
Greater than
The tree my
Nest sits in

Teach me that
No matter
How tiny
We are, our
Songs travel
To ears in
The distance

Teach me the
Joy you find
In the new
Morning's glow

Teach me how
To draw the
Much needed
Attention
Away from
Annoying
Peckerwoods

Teach me how
To whistle
In the key
Of freedom

Only you
Chickadees
Bring a smile
To my face
Whenever
I hear you
Sing away
It is your
Tranquil notes
Your sweet and
Positive
Demeanors
I love most

Only you
Chickadees
Give me hope
As others
Seem to be
Content in
Following
Destructive
Practices
Repeating
The cycle
Of beating
Their heads on
The tree trunks
In hopes of
Breaking through
To stuff their
Beaks with a
Feast of souls
Like the kings
Who grow fat
Off the backs
Of the proles

The beasts have done
With hibernation
They've woken up
From their hidden depths
And are now showing their teeth
Looking around, hungry
For something, someone
To soothe their blood lust
Licking their jowls
In attempts to scare us
From reaching too far,
Trying to limit our range
As if threatening us will
Have us submitting to
The oppression of fear;
As if we are to be scared stiff
And naive to the game of
The hunter and the hunted
The master and the slave

Behind the distant peaks
A fire has started burning
One which will consume
The entire sky, and change
Every sense of our perceptions
It will lead to the exposure
Of that which lurks in
The darkest of shadows
And give light to the
Undergrowth so it can
Blossom to its potential
Without being restricted
By the tyranny of age old
Manipulation of vital energy

Burn this book
To kindle a community cookout

All power to the neighborhood councils

Burn this book
Because 'this shit sucks'

All power to local worker owned cooperatives

Burn this book
Because words are weapons
And this philosophy is dangerous

All power over yourself
No power over others.